

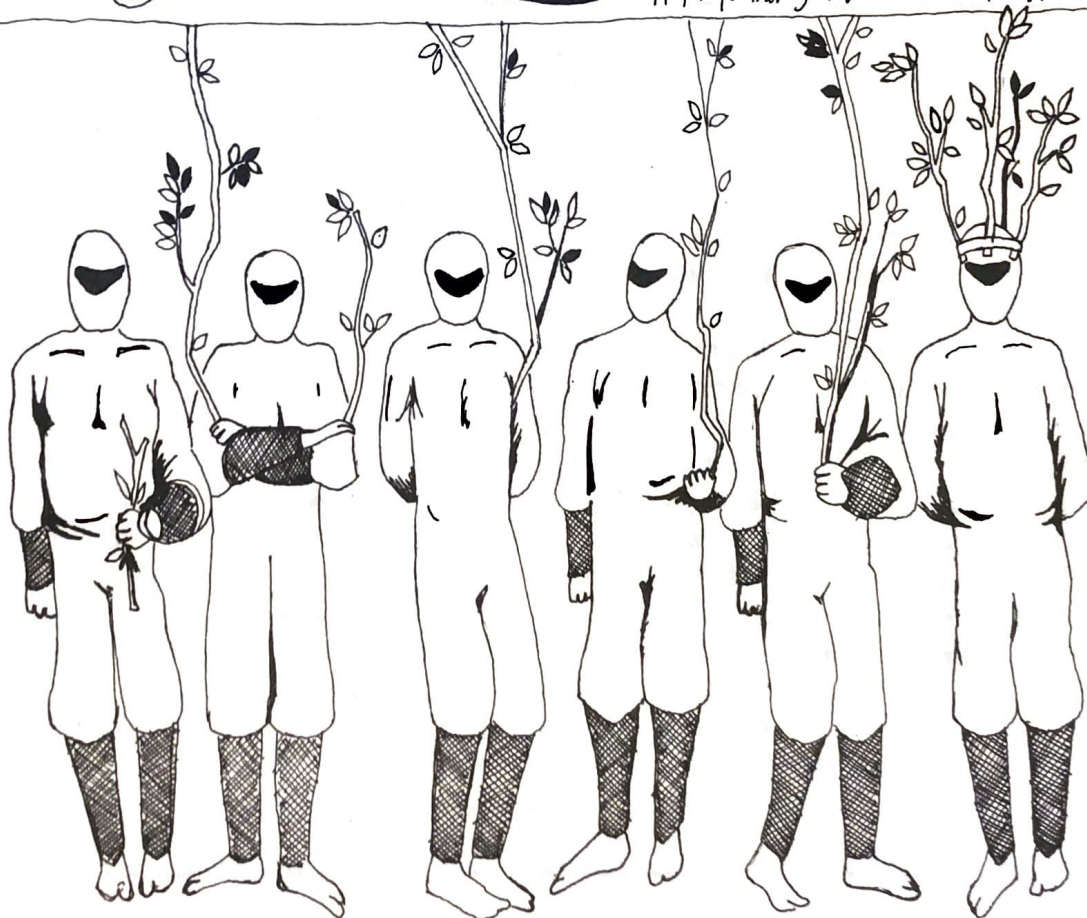
the



OMEN



Hey boys and girls! It's The Tick ~~appreciation~~ week!



Volume I, No. 3

February 14, 1993

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Steph Rants for a Third Straight Week

Three weeks of this constipation, and, unfortunately for the throbbing masses of people who are absolutely ill from having a journalistic nonety scotched to their door, I'm still having a blast. Self-image a bit deflated? Feeling like the world just violated you with a combat boot, and for god's sake it wasn't even a Doc Martin? Well, I have a suggestion. Manage a paper for a while. Bask in the Nietzschean fantasy of scrounging for articles, enjoy the pleasant headache of wrassling with Microsoft Word and whatever else we're utilizing here at Andy's hard drive. Let the battle for mediocrity be your playground. Take control and prostitute yourself for a good cause! And the best thing is, you're so busy, you never have time to think how many people are beginning to cherish the image of your being prepared for dissection, sprawling on a pin and wriggling on the wall.

Mostly, I would like to comment on the bits of feedback that have wended their way back to Scott and me own self, climbing the walls of the editorial ivory tower. On the positive side, people have been praising what is perceived as a good effort towards a worthy goal. Many noted a marked improvement twixt and tween issues one and two. Many voiced pleasure at the multi-orgasmic nature of our second consecutive week appearance. Basically, I realize it will take a lot more than a smattering of actual news and a two-week (now three week) track record to vindicate us in the eyes of a college that has gotten such shoddy newspaper

treatment in the past. I will only consider this experiment a success when we hit issue number 7...seven sins, seven virtues...and then maybe we can talk about there being a real campus attempt at a paper. Which isn't to say that it doesn't pump my nads when people like Ms. Janules refer to us (I assumed it was us...is my ego getting out of hand here?) as "the Community newspaper" in their well-phrased and articulate editorials (see p.5).

The negative comments have had their degrees of fun and inspiration, too. Hell, every time I see Tom Skully and he finds yet another way to dismiss and relegate to the ether this fledgling project, it only gives us another icon to burn and another reason to succeed. In other words, life is built of many passions, one of the most motivating of which is fear of humiliation, preceded only perhaps by the power of righteous anger. If Batman can do it, so can we.

And so ultimately, at the beginning of the tail end of our little troika of issues, here, I would like to thank everyone who has offered us comments, critique, and, especially, those of you who have contributed. And some of you I don't even know! Meaning, of course, that I didn't have to guilt you or offer to sleep with you to get our printer on your names and ideas. Keep the good news coming. Flood us with bad news. I quote The Tick (from which this week's cover art is grafted), and merely say—"Spoon!"

Stephanie Cole, *The Hampshire Omen*
Box 465

The Omen

Published at Andy's Room, Prescott 90G

February 14, 1993

Volume I, Issue 3

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Heather Janules.....Josh Newman

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Council Contemplates New Budget

By Colin Birge

Amid concerns about the budget for this Spring, Community Council voted on February 9th to table the budget until the retreat held last Tuesday, when the concerns of the members would hopefully be answered.

In the meantime, individual members of Council who had concerns about the budget were required to address those concerns. Also, Thomas Scully announced that any student groups who felt that their allotment was unfair would submit written notices explaining why to the Council Office.

The Spring '93 budget affects the amount of money that Community Council will be distributing to the various groups. Representatives of the student groups met together last semester to bargain for the amount of money they would receive under the budget, and the budget was eventually worked out under the auspices of Fi-Com. Before it can go into effect, however, Community Council must approve the budget.

This is not simply a rubber-stamp process on Community Council's part. The Council has the right to alter the budget to their wishes; they can deny or restrict funding to any particular group as they see necessary.

Several members expressed concerns about the new budget, particularly the large amounts of money awarded to such groups as the Multicultural Theater Collective, which was allotted \$4,353.35. Morgan Summer, particularly, questioned whether this was an appropriate allocation.

The other concern arose over the method of bookkeeping used by Fi-Com chairman Thomas Scully. Many groups had funds left over from last semester, frozen on January 13th; Scully took the left-over money and added whatever was necessary to reach the group's Spring allotment. Thus, a group such as Raices, which had \$379.93 left over in its account last semester, received an additional \$1,120.07 to reach their allotment of \$1,500.00.

Gordon Williams, among others, questioned whether this policy was feasible. He said that groups such as Merrill House Programming, which was reported to have \$2,154.00 left over from last semester, could not possibly have that much left

over. He was worried that outstanding purchase orders had not been recorded in the Business Office by the January 13th deadline, meaning that the money supposedly left over would be spent on bills left over from last semester. Thus, the \$146.00 given to them to bring them to their allotted total of \$2,300.00 would hardly suffice to carry them through the Spring semester.

Two solutions were offered at the meeting: Thomas Scully, Fi-Com chairman, announced that individual groups who feel that they got an unfair allotment "can appeal the budget based on single group [allotments]. They're not going to be global....The idea we had was that Council members could make value judgements on groups but we didn't want groups to be making value judgements on other groups. So, you can write in an appeal about your own budget but not about somebody else's." Appeals could be dropped in the Community Council box or the Community Council door.

At the retreat held this Tuesday, Fi-Com would bring back any appeals to Council for review, at which time Council would look over the new budget. If Council did not vote in the new budget, accounts for student organizations would be frozen until Council wrote and approved a new budget for Spring semester.

Randy Jones also announced that any Council members who had individual groups that they wanted to investigate or audit should do so immediately.

Council Reinstates Newspaper

By Colin Birge

Community Council voted unanimously on February 2nd to recreate the fabled Hampshire Community Newspaper as a permanent subcommittee of Council.

The newspaper, which had once again been defunct since last semester, will now be officially published by Community Council. Randy Jones is chair of Council and co-sponsor of the motion to recreate the newspaper (along with Dean of Students Trey Williams).

Continued on p. 4

Newspaper cont'd from p. 3

"I don't want to go into the sordid details too much about why the editorial collective of the Examiner as an independent entity did not pan out, but suffice it to say that it did not pan out," said Jones.

Community Council has, in fact, always been the publisher of the newspaper by the fact that we funded the newspaper," said Jones. "What I'm seeking to do is formalize that relationship."

Under the new system, the chair of Community Council is the publisher of the newspaper. He or she responsible for convening a "Newspaper Advisory Board" made up of students, faculty and staff to evaluate the paper and suggest possible changes and improvements.

The managing editor of the newspaper is now officially an employee of Community Council. He or she will be paid \$500.00 a semester by

Some Words on our Former President

*/*wetware by Grendel 2.0. Please send as much useful information as you can about me to: JNEWMAN@hamp.hampshire.edu, That is to say, Josh Newman*/*

Now that we sit here safely in the post-Bush era, we can safely look back and wonder about not President George Bush, but Absurdist Poet George Bush. Let's take a look at some of his shorter works:

The of the What is Song Of. From he.

"There's a great one, and the Nitty Gritty Nitty Ditty Great Big Bird and it says, 'If you want a rainbow, you've got to stand a little rain.'"

What is represented here? The only obvious reference here is Big Bird, who is an intelligent bird of truly titanic proportions, possibly related to the Oa, the now-thought-to-be-extinct ancient flightless bird of similar dimensions. Was Mr. Bush relating to us a time of extinction? Perhaps he sees the Nitty Gritty Nitty Great Big Bird as a representative of the spotted owl? So perhaps, in that vein, the rain of which he speaks is acidic? If so, since the chromatic properties of sulfuric acid (the acidic stuff in acid rain) are different from water, wouldn't we be blessed with truly unusual rainbows?

Ah! So he was the environmental presi-

Council for his or her work.

Other positions remain much the same as they were in the older incarnations of the newspaper. All positions except for the managing editor are unpaid, although the business manager receives a ten percent commission on all paid ads.

This new system was devised to assure continuity within the newspaper, Jones said.

"This motion does not and will not preclude any independent effort," said Jones. "If a group of students or an individual student comes to the funding process with a proposal to do a newspaper independently, that's great."

Morgan Sommer will once again serve as the managing editor of the recreated Examiner. The news editor will be Jenni Ewing, a journalism major. Both are already members of Community Council. Michael Lesy, professor of literary journalism, has agreed to be on the Newspaper Advisory Board.

dent. We should have given him more credit.

Let's look at another short piece, shall we?

Ode to "If."

"If a frog had wings, it wouldn't hit its tail end on the ground so much. If. Too hypothetical."

It has also been said that it is better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all. But that's irrelevant. But then, so are hypothetical winged frogs. Truly, the most thought-provoking statement here, however, is the "If." A sentence by no means English, he apparently is speaking another language that sounds like English. In the context of the statement, it becomes evident that the "If" is actually the part of the phrase giving the rest meaning, since, without that "If," it means nothing.

So what context does that "If" give us? Is it an obscure reference, perhaps? It seems to dictate the uncertainty of the universe—the "If" to end all. It gets its own sentence, a privilege that single words rarely get.

Od pa mani hum.

Rare steak.

Speak your mind, speak your heart, but don't do it to anyone who wants to know.

A Counterpoint to Bask's Graffiti

By Heather Janules

The readers of this letter will probably think that I am catty and arrogant, but that is the way I am feeling at the moment, so don't say that I didn't warn you.

Regarding last issue's interview with "Bask": I am one of those individuals whom she describes, the kind to whom she wants to introduce the "real world". I grew up in New Hampshire, the place where good Republicans go to die, the second "whitest" state in the Union. Let's just say that it was not the epitome of "diversity". However, through some stretch of my capabilities, I realized and continue to realize, that the world does not revolve around red-headed, Lithuanian bisexual vegans like myself. I am not saying that I am, by nature, completely well-versed in "everyone's" "experience", but I am not the ignorant moron that "Bask" assumes that I am. People will teach me with their wisdom, only if they approach me as an equal, not as a guru with a big brain and a red magic marker.

As someone who works at Physical Plant, I know that the cleaning staff receive only a fraction of the credit that they deserve. They earn their salary through performing basic maintenance. They should not have to spend their days removing the vandalism/art (call it what you will) under the name of "freedom of expression". Basic maintenance, in the "real world", is in itself a luxury. Letting a paid crew clean up your (unnecessary) mess involves a great deal of class issues that I don't want to get involved with at this present time.

Considering the amount of vandalism/art (call it

what you will) that Bask plastered across campus, could she really have cleaned it all before "Phys Plant got there"?

My concentration is mainly an analytical one, but I am also an artist—a writer, a poet. I hope that someday, someone will be moved (maybe even enlightened!) by something that I write. But I am not going to advertise my wisdom—for one, because I have some vestige of humility and for another because I know that shoving my thoughts down someone else's throat will only make them reject my ideas. I am not one of those people who tear down Bask's posters...but I've been tempted.

I could have written this letter on a wall somewhere, with a black Sharpie marker, and hidden my identity with some abstract verb like "Flail", but I chose instead to express myself in a more conventional method, through the newspaper. Maybe if all the "Basks" at Hampshire used the Community newspaper as a means of expression, we would not be the Bermuda Triangle of newspapers—where all the good newspapers go to die (I am also including myself in this criticism. This is my first letter to an editor, ever.)

Bask's scrawlings insulted me. Her arrogance insulted me. If I had lived on her hall, and she had written on my door, the place where I express my sentiments the most, I would have advocated for strong Administrative punishment.

Unlike Bask, I will identify myself, and ways that people can reach me if they want to talk about what I wrote.

Heather Janules, Box 1038, x212, B415

Excalibur Presents...

The Bleeding Heart Dance

A Valentine's Day mating ritual

Hampshire College dining commons

10 pm to 2 am. Admission \$2.



Beverly Hills 90210 Perspectives

The Beverly Beat

By Julian "Brenda" Montague, Suzanna "Dylan" Walker and Sarah "Kelly" Hamburg

As their near-naked bodies merged in underwater passion, a decision was made. It was Kelly; it had always been Kelly. Not even the sultry, uneven eyes of Brenda Walsh could bring him back.

It's Wednesday night, and all of E-3 gathers for the greatest moment in television history. It is the end of an era and the beginning of a new dynasty. For many this is a time of confusion and uncertainty. We have thus taken it upon ourselves to enlighten the Hampshire Community, and provide a weekly analysis of this glorious television series. It will also fulfill our community service requirement.

Some think Hampshire students watching 90210 is like a nun wearing garters, but our viewing 90210 has taken on an element of ritual. Before the beginning of each show, we light candles and bow before the icons of our side-burned demi-gods. We wait with anticipation for them to reveal the future of Beverly Hills. Will Dylan ever admit his secret lust for Brandon? Will Nikki ever return? Will Andrea ever get laid? What are the powers of Brenda's new crystal? Will fame carry David away, leaving Donna behind, an eternal virgin? Will Steve go to the State Pen? Will Dylan really explode, and if so, will Kelly be able to put the pieces back together? Please send your questions, comments, or future predictions to Ask Bev.

We would also like to comment on our nihilistic hallmates who are haters of all things good and beautiful: they never miss a show.

The Confessions of 90,210

Alcoholics

By: Hans Schwartz, Hap Rust, and Jessy Morgan

Our obsessed hallmates who are trapped in the mind-set of pre-pubescent girls religiously watch the drivel aimed at adolescent virgins that is 90210. Enraptured, they watch with a strict no-speaking rule as the paper-thin plot unfolds.

In last week's episode, pre-teen masturbation object Dylan is being ripped off by his ex-con father in a plot so blindingly obvious even an intellectually challenged slug on liquid acid could foresee it. Meanwhile, Brenda, still damp for Dylan, entertains fantasies of avenging her arrogant little puppy love.

Have you ever noticed that their school has a "No Ugly Person" rule? None of them drink or smoke pot (God forbid) when, in real life, we all know that all rich people are coke fiends. God knows if we were rich we would be. But wait, there is a thorn tree in the garden. Number two masturbation object, Brandon Walsh, seems to be developing a gambling problem. Amazingly enough, he always wins (so it's not really a problem). Hnnm...we wonder if one day he's going to lose big and he'll have to be bailed out by someone else on the show. The plot thickens...but not very much. Is everyone keeping up with this?

In conclusion, this show is worthless, pathetic, cheesebag bullshit, with a bunch of talentless, overpaid actors—none of which look young enough to be in high school (Andrea looks a spry thirty-five, doesn't she?). We are forced to watch this show every Wednesday. No wonder E-3 has become a bunch of useless drunks.

AIDS: Valediction and Mourning

By Scarlett Hook

Last week, I went home for four days. Home is Yonkers, New York, a bastion of the archaic and boring way of life where Iroc-z's rule the road, and Gold's Gym tank tops are still chic. I went home to bury a friend.

Scotty was one of those people you think will never die, like your folks, or your siblings, or the cousins you never get to see. He was someone I couldn't say "I love you" to very easily, a very strong man with a strength that came in a hundred ways. He was always full of laughter and insight, always the candle that glowed with light, not the mirror that merely reflected it.

On my prom night, he waited at home with a rented tux, just in case the flake I was going with at the time didn't show. He took me cross-country

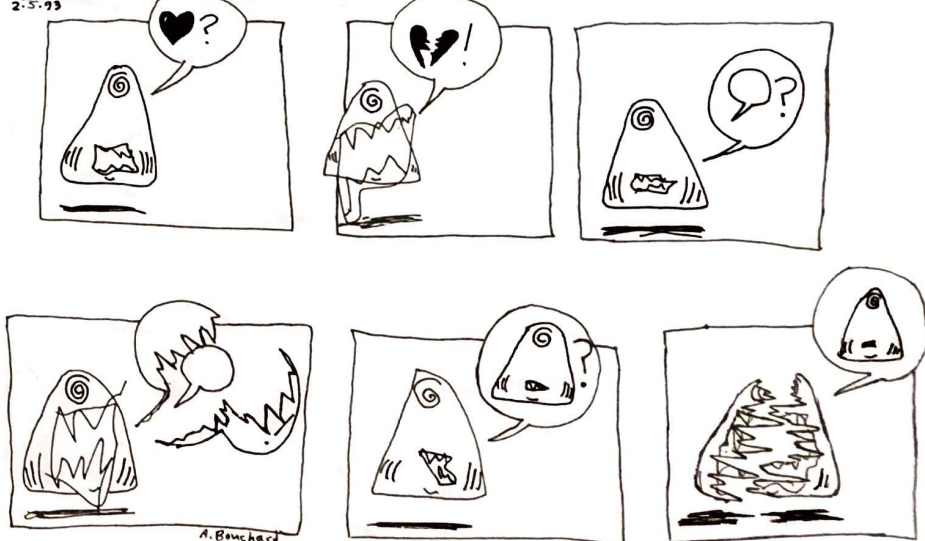
in a camper with his boyfriend and two dogs, and sent me off to college with a leather bustier and a black miniskirt so I "would always have something to wear." He bought me a stuffed llama in a fancy Chicago outlet. He was always there without fail and without complaints.

The time in the hospital was short, five weeks, and it was over. The wake and the funeral were taken care of with grace and with taste, but he was still gone. Memories are forever, but so is grief.

Scotty died on January 31, 1993. He died of AIDS. So what am I trying to say? Use a condom? Yeah.

I love you, Scotty. Rest in peace, sweetheart.

Aqua Gum Drop #4!



Send your News to Box 465
so that you, too, can be
gratuitously glorified.

The Other Editor Takes a Shot...

Okay, so we didn't come up with a fish comic to continue our Fish 'n' Bitch trend. We were far too amused with it anyway.

What we do have for you this week is a statement of policy for The Omen. There has been some conflict, some tension, and even the odd unprintable article because we didn't make clear our policy from the get-go. Consequently:

The Hampshire Omen: Policy

We accept submissions from any member of the Hampshire community, on two conditions:

--It must have a by-line adequate to establish the identity of the author(s) (the article from "The Mental Liberation Front" is a prime example of what will not get printed...) and

--It must be pertinent in some way to the Hampshire Community (we do not cover the daily news in Ougadougou.)

Submissions can be any of the following:

- News stories (these are the most preferable)
- Reviews
- Editorials
- Announcements (bulletins for groups, events, etc.)
- Personal narratives/creative work (comics,

artwork, prose, poetry, etc.)

-Anything else, given editorial approval.

The Omen is not responsible for the views expressed therein, nor are they necessarily the views of anyone, even the author of the particular article.

The Omen reserves the right to edit any submission for grammatical and/or spelling errors and for length restrictions.

All submissions become property of The Omen unless the contributor specifies in advance that s/he would like his/her submission back.

We would enthusiastically welcome any ideas for news stories to be pursued by our staff as well as any constructive criticism you might have to offer. Just remember: be gentle.

That should pretty much cover our asses, for a while at least. By the way--The Hampshire Omen policy is subject to change with relatively little notice.

Thanks for your interest, your help, and your generous financial contributions (just a thought). Until next week...

Scott Tundermann, The Hampshire Omen
Box 465

